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Prologue

The sun rose from the forest beyond the fence. The trees cast large shadows across the Twoleg garden as a ginger tom strode on the fence, his blue eyes reflected the forest as he glanced at the nest , sat there for a while before a tortoiseshell she-cat joined him. She gracefully leaped onto the fence beside him, their fur touched and signaled that they were mates and parents. "You should see them Jake." The she-cat said in a soft tone, the bell on her collar ringed as she shuffled closer to him. "They'd love to see who their father is. Two of them have the same ginger pelt as your's, but they seem more brighter, like a flame." The tortoiseshell cat meowed as the tom's ear twitched, a breeze swept over them as he replied. "I'm sure they don't want to see an old as their father, I don't think they'll actually believe you when they take a glimpse at me." Jake mewed as amusement edged off his voice, he wrapped his tail around the she-cat. "This is why I love you Nutmeg. You never cease to make me laugh or smile." Jake tilted his head a bit as he felt his mate's familiar scent fill his nose, he sniffed as another breeze came from the forest. "Well, I have to get back to them now." Nutmeg licked his cheek affectionally before leaping down the fence and back into the garden, she glanced over her shoulder. "I love you Jake." She said as the ginger cat turned his head around to her, rising to his paws he started heading back the way he came. "I love you too Nutmeg." He meowed as he waved his tail and disappeared. Nutmeg purred, her Twolegs called her and she trotted over to them as the door swung open and they let her in. Mewing filled the air as five small kittens were squirming around in a nest, she padded over to them and stepped into the soft nest, gently pushing one of the kits, she settled in beside her kits and they soon started to suckle. "If only you could see how loving your father can be." The tortoiseshell queen purred again as she noticed one of the kits, one of the flame-ginger colored kit's was struggling to find her, the Twoleg must've noticed too because she grabbed the kit and put it closer to her mother, Nutmeg mewed as the kit started suckling. Only to be kicked away by her older, and much bigger siblings, she

was the smallest of the litter and was most weakest out of the other four. The female and male Twoleg came over and sat near the bundle, as they started speaking, Nutmeg heard the kits new names. *Rusty, Princess...* Nutmeg didn't hear the other two kits that were the largest of her litter but she did hear the smallest kit's name. "Small." Nutmeg heard the name more clearer than the rest as if she had wanted to hear a name for the small kit for a long time, although it's only been about a week since they were born. Nutmeg purred as she nuzzled the three kits, she was about to turn to the other two when the Twolegs pulled one of her daughters away from her. The tortoiseshell she-cat meowed frantically as she saw her Twolegs give one of her daughters to three new Twolegs who held her in their paws and started stroking the kit's head fur. Her male Twoleg gave the other three a small blanket and the new Twolegs wrapped her kit in the blanket, handed over something green and started heading out. Nutmeg cried out for her kit as she was being taken away, she sprang to her delicate paws and dashed after the three but her Twolegs blocked the way as the door shut, the she-cat flattened her ears and her fur spiked as she stared up at her Twolegs. She didn't know if that was supposed to happen or if it just happened all of a sudden, to Nutmeg it looked as if her Twolegs deliberately let them take her kit, she broke down and fell to her belly. Tears fell from her face as she covered her face with her paws, her Twolegs stroked her spine fur comfortably and lifted her from the wood floor and set her back down into the nest where the remaining of her four kits squealed for their mother which they sensed was distressed. Nutmeg sat there in the nest with her paws over her face until her Twolegs flicked the lights off and went away to their own den, after a while of grieving for her kit, she removed her paws and saw her kits sleeping soundly beside her stomach as she curled her tail around her kits. "I won't let anything happen to you." Nutmeg promised as she relaxed, took a deep breath and let herself fall into sleep that was disturbed by the way her kit looked when she was being taken away. But it was soon gone as another dream filled her mind, she saw a cat in the distance as darkness swirled around the tortoiseshell. She whimpered in fear as she lowered her head and ears, she saw the cat, it's forest green eyes were bright and as she blinked, the darkness vanished and was filled with the light of day. She raised her head and saw a flame-colored cat standing on a huge rock that seemed to touch the sky,

the cat's head was held high. She was full of warmth until a flash of darkness and evil turned the area cold and soon, there was blood on the ground. Nutmeg stared all around her and saw nothing but blood and dead bodies, she shrieked in fear and awoke in her nest, her fur bristling. She panted as her dream faded and focused on now, the sun had risen and the light filtered in from the big clear window of the den, she sighed in relief by the light but was still haunted by her terrifying dream of blood. She stared out the window and gazed at nothing.

Chapter 1

"Princess come on!" A light brown kit squealed as a tortoiseshell kit stumbled after her brother. "Wait up Duke!" Princess mewed as a flame colored tom trailed after her, his forest green eyes were wide with excitement. "Rusty!" Duke called as they bounced up onto one of the Twoleg nests, their tiny paws scrambled up the sheets of blankets as another flame colored kit but much smaller squeaked after them. "W-wait up guys!" She complained as she stumbled to keep her footing, Duke and Princess looked down from the nest as Rusty reached them. "You're too tiny Small! Go and play with the old nest." Duke hissed as Small glanced over her shoulder at a shredded nest they used to play in but was thrown out by the Twolegs because it was too torn to sleep in, she turned back to her siblings as Rusty bounced around, clearly oblivious to Small's brother and sister bullying her. "I don't wanna! I wanna play with you and Rusty!" Small protested as she ran up to the hanging blanket and clung to it as she started to climb it. "No! I said you're too small! Too weak! And too *stupid*!" Duke hissed as he leaped down and swat Small off with his large paw, he bared his teeth as Small squealed in pain and hit her flank on the wooden ground. Rusty stopped bouncing and ran to the edge to see what was going on, he winced as he saw his sister lying on the wooden floor shivering. "Hey! Duke, what's the big idea?!" Rusty snapped as he lashed his tiny tail which stuck up like a twig afterwards. "None of your business. Small's too weak and stupid to play with us bigger cats." Duke mewed to his brother before turning back to his sister which had risen to her trembling paws and shook her fur, her bell on her red collar rung. "I-I'm not stupid!" Small mewled as she stood up straight but she still wasn't as big as her older siblings. Duke hissed then unsheathed his tiny claws which were unusually sharper than regular kits, he stepped to his sister and circled her, his blue eyes were sharp with hatred. "You're the most smallest, stupidiest, ugliest, and the worst mistake this family could ever have." Duke's words struck her heart like icy claws that will last forever as tears started to form in her beautiful forest green eyes. Her fur was

ruffled and her tail was straight like the rest of them as she couldn't believe what she was hearing. "The *worst* mistake ever!" Duke spat as he smacked his front left paw across her face and sent her sliding across the floor, she screeched as the tom kit glared at her in triumph, Small felt a sharp pain along her face which was across her right eye and down to her jawline. "Mama!" Small squealed as Princess leaped down to sit beside her brother, she too glared at her younger sister. "I knew you could beat her easily. She's so pathetic that she isn't worth fighting." Princess taunted as Rusty stared down at them with panic flashing in his eyes, his blue collar was badly visible under his puffed up pelt. "She isn't worth a *life*." Duke snorted as he licked the blood off his paw and grinned for a split second before putting it back down as a larger cat burst in the room. "What's going on?!" Nutmeg, their mother, screeched as she stared at her kits, one on the ground with half her face bleeding, two sitting beside each other as they faced their sister, and the other on the nest of the Twolegs. "Mama! Duke hurt me and Princess is being mean!" Small complained as Nutmeg raced over and started licking her kit frantically, after cleaning the blood off, it revealed a fearful sight. "What happened?!" Rusty gasped as he stumbled down back to his mother and sister's side, when he approached Small, fear struck his mind as he stepped back at the look on Small's face. "Your face!" Rusty screeched as Small dashed over to the mirror and gazed into it before her fur started to bristle. Small stared at the mirror, three long scars were engraved onto her face, her right eyes which the scars were over were still bright but she only saw the scars that start from above her eye and down to her jawline which was still fresh from Duke's attack. She stared in horror before Nutmeg grabbed her scruff gently and padded out with Rusty scrambling after them, Duke and Princess sat in the room unmoving from their spot. After a bit, Nutmeg stomped back in, she glared at her daughter and her son in fury. "Duke, why did you do that?" She snapped as she cuffed her son with sheathed claws, but anger pierced the light brown kit and the tortoiseshell kit. "Because mama, Small's too small, weak, stupid, and she's the biggest mistake a family could ever have." Duke mewed with a bit of fear edging off his voice, his amber eyes were dark with hatred as he stared past his mother and at Small who was watching from outside the room, across the large way. "I don't care, you two need to stop doing that to her. This is the fifth time something like this

has happened to her because of you two." Nutmeg scolded as she whipped her tail side to side, her tortoiseshell fur was spiked and her eyes were blazing with anger. Just then, she had a flashback of her dream about blood. Scarlett was spread all over the ground and a cat was just visible in the dark mist, she couldn't see its eyes as clear but she assumed they looked more amber. She then envisioned her kit Duke as the cat because of his aggressiveness but she quickly dismissed it as she turned back to the real problem. "So what? She isn't part of our family, she's an outsider." Duke still went on as Nutmeg grasped his scruff in her jaws and lashed her tail for Princess to follow, the kit obeyed and the she-cat led the way out of the Twoleg's room, she put Duke down in their nest as Princess followed. "You two need to learn how to respect her, no matter what." Nutmeg hissed before whipping around and leaped up onto the wooden platform that stood taller than any cat, she sat there and watched her kits. "This is all your fault." Duke hissed to Small who was rubbing her eye and stared at him in hurt, her heart ached from his attack but was warmed by Rusty's kindness. "It's okay, ignore them." Rusty mewed in a soft voice as he licked her on her face and flicked his paw which was covered in a fluff of the torn bedding. "Okay." Small mumbled as she lowered her ears and watched Duke and Princess play, she too noticed that Rusty had jumped to the window ledge and was staring out at the forest behind and beyond the fence. *If only my other sister wasn't taken away, then maybe I might've had a playmate...* Small told herself as she thought about when her mother told them about there sister that was taken away soon after being born. Nutmeg didn't know what her Twolegs called her but she decided to name her herself, their mother named their lost sister Silk. Small liked that name, she only wished her name was different like her siblings. She lay in the bed, her tiny paws were crossed and she rested her chin on them, her tail was sticking out from her curled body as she let her eyelids fall. Before she knew it, she was deep into sleep and she felt herself engulfed by the darkness of a dreamless slumber, the only thing she could see were herself sitting in a dark place, nothing stirred and nothing seemed to be there except for her. Small stared into the pitch blackness of her dreamless sight and soon after she couldn't see anything. *A mistake...* Duke's harsh words stung her like a bee as that was the last thing she heard before falling deeper into sleep.

Chapter 2

A few weeks passed, Rusty had grown up quite a bit and he still couldn't get the image of his sister Small being attacked by his brother Duke. Duke, Princess, and Small still lived in the nest, Rusty was the oldest so he could go out, and the first day he went out of the den he met and became friends with Smudge, his neighbor. They were both still kits and young and they stayed friends ever since. He became more interested in the forest beyond the fence more than ever now that he was able to get closer to it. Rusty sat on the fence, his ginger pelt gleamed a flame color in the sunlight as he stared out at the forest beyond his Twoleg's fence. As he stared out, a voice sounded from his left and he turned to see his friend Smudge. "Oh, hi Smudge." He meowed as the black-and-white cat sat beside him, his green collar looked like the forest's lush grass itself as he glanced back at his Twoleg's nest. Rusty spotted Duke and Princess near the window, they were probably talking down to Small again, but he couldn't do anything about because the last time he tried to Nutmeg interrupted. "I'll handle this, you go and play outside." She had told him the last time and so he felt as if he was confined to the outside now, although he had to go inside when nightfall came but he could never go one day in the Twoleg den with his siblings and mother because Nutmeg always encouraged him to stay outside while she would handle the other three kits. "Hey, Rusty." Smudge's voice brought him back to his senses as he noticed he had flattened his ears and puffed up his fur. "Oh, sorry Smudge. What were you saying?" Rusty cleared his throat as he turned his attention back to his neighbor. "I was saying are you interested in the forest?" Smudge asked as Rusty felt the nice breeze go through his fur, his green eyes glittered like stars. "Yes, I want to see what it's like in there." Rusty admitted as he leaped down onto the other side of the fence, the rough grass pricked his pads. As he landed, the bell on his collar rang out through the quiet dawn.

"Where are you off to, Rusty?" Smudge said as he let his tail dangle off the edge of the fence post. "You're not going into the woods, are you?" He meowed when Rusty only stared at the trees and didn't reply. "Just for a look." Rusty promised, shifting uncomfortably as his tail swished once and he looked up to his friend. "You wouldn't get me in there. It's dangerous!" Smudge wrinkled his black nose with distaste. "Henry said he went into the woods once." The cat lifted his head and gestured with his noes over the rows of fences toward the garden where Henry lived. "That fat old tabby never went into the woods!" Rusty scoffed. "He's hardly been beyond his own garden ever since his trip to the vet. All he wants to do is eat and sleep." He lashed his tail as he spoke, there was aggressiveness in his tone as he turned back to the forest. "No, really. He caught a robin in there!" Smudge insisted. "Well, if he did, then it was before the vet. Now he complains about birds because they disturb his dozing." Rusty snorted in irritation as he closed his eyes and opened them back up as Smudge spoke once more, his green eyes seemed to hold the forest itself. "Well, anyway," Smudge went on, ignoring the scorn in Rusty's mew. "Henry told me there are all sorts of dangerous animals out there. Huge wildcats who eat live rabbits for breakfast and sharpen their claws on old bones!" Smudge mewed as his fur bristled, Rusty tasted the air and smelled fear emitting from him, he wrinkled his nose as a cold breeze came from the forest again, making him shiver. "I'm only going for a look around," Rusty meowed. "I won't stay long." The flame colored tom mewed as he flicked his tail and rose to his paws which ached to run through the forest. "Well, don't say I didn't want you!" Pulling to his paws, the black-and-white cat turned and plunged off the fence back down to his own garden. Rusty sat down in the coarse grass beyond the garden den. He gave his shoulder a nervous lick and wondered how much of Smudge's gossip was true.

"Ha!" Duke's voice sounded as Small struggled to get a good grip as she tried to climb one of the huge toys for them. It seemed to be covered in fur and was easy to cling to but for Small's dull and small claws it was difficult. "Almost there!" She gasped for air as she put another paw in front of the other as she was almost to where she could get a better grip and climb up easier until Duke smacked his paws down on her paws and she squealed with pain as she felt his claws dig into her fur and flesh. She lost her grip and plunged to

the wooden floor of the Twoleg den, she struggled to flip around and before she knew it, she hit the ground with a loud thud. The wind was knocked out of her as Duke and Princess stared down at her, laughing in a way to taunt her as she couldn't feel her body anymore. Her whole body went limp and she felt paralyzed for a moment before Princess came to her side and Duke too. She heard Duke gasped as Princess pawed her side, she felt herself regain her strength from the recoil and shakily rose to her wobbly paws. "Are you okay Small?" Duke mewed, faking his worriedness as Nutmeg came dashing over. "What did you-" Princess interrupted her mother. "Small fell from the top of the furred toy." She lied as Small shook her head as she noticed Princess and Duke glance at each other, hatred and filth filled their eyes as Nutmeg licked Small over her head. "We tried to save her but she wouldn't listen to us and she clawed me on my cheek." Duke lied again as he showed Nutmeg a small pinch of missing light brown fur, Small knew he must've ripped it out when he climbed the furred toy but he blamed her for it instead. "Small!" Nutmeg'so mew was harsh as Duke and Princess had smirks on their faces behind Nutmeg's back, their eyes glowed evilly. "I expected more from you to hurt your brother." Her mother scolded as the two behind her glared at her with triumph and darkness in their eyes, she could tell just by the look of them that something bad will happen to them one day. "But mama! I didn't do anything!" Small protested as Nutmeg swept her towards the corner. "Your punishment is to sit in this corner until Rusty comes back in." The tortoiseshell cat scolded as she padded away after leaving her kit in the corner. Small faced the corner while she strained her ears to listen to what Nutmeg was saying to Duke and Princess. "I knew you two weren't bad." Nutmeg mewed to them as she licked them both on their heads, they purred as if they were innocent. "Sorry for Small trying to hurt you Duke, are you alright?" Nutmeg sniffed her son as he licked her nose in a playful way, she grunted then laughed, the two kits giggled as they started to play with each other. "I hope Small doesn't do that again. I don't know what's gotten into her." Their mother said before following her other two kits to play on the furred toy again. Small sat in the corner with her back facing the Twoleg's room, she felt more hollow than ever and yet, something stirred in her stomach, something that wasn't good, but dark. The small flame colored kit seemed like a broken down kit when she suddenly felt something snap in her mind and her heart,

her eyes were blazing with unimaginable rage and the coldest darkness than ever. She liked this darkness, this evilness, she felt as if she could do anything she wanted, she felt power surge through her soul as she remembered the three scars that had been reopened by Duke the other day, it was larger than before and it seemed to cover her entire right side face. She knew it was a sign, a dark and blood filled sign. She just stared at the wall of the Twoleg den, her scar was much deeper as well and seemed to reach into her skull, she felt power and darkness sweep over her soul.

Rusty padded lightly through the forest, he soon heard scuffling of a small creature as he near a clearing. Instinct made him drop to the ground, he turned all his senses towards the scuffling as he spotted a small white animal, a mouse. He knew how sensitive mice can be so he stalked it as silent as he could, he neared the mouse when he leaped. The mouse heard him the split second before he sprang and while he was still in mid air, the mouse darted away and ran for a tree where a hole was revealed. Rusty dashed after it as he soon lost it and scowled, he then heard a twig snap and he unsheathed his claws, he knew foxes and dogs sometimes roamed the forest, he was inexperienced and meeting one of them in a battle would surely bring him to his death. He pricked his ears and all his senses were alert for any movement behind or to the side of him, he faintly saw a gray tail waving through the air, only the tip showed and he knew it another cat. *A wildcat!* His heart started beating faster as he prepared himself for claws to slice through his fur, he crouched and stepped closer to the tail, his claws digging into the grass and earth of the forest floor. "Mrrrreooow!" A screech made Rusty growl as a dark figure shot out from the bush and lunged forward, it's yellow eyes flashed like lightning. "Mrrroow!" Rusty hissed as he fell back onto his back as he felt weight pin him down, but before the cat could do anything else, he kicked the cat over him with his hind legs and sprang back to his paws, his chest heaving in the energy surging through him. But as he looked for the cat, it was already leaping for him, he didn't have time to react and so he was knocked down. For a second, he felt helpless; then he froze. Thinking fast, he flipped over onto his back. He knew instinctively how dangerous it was to expose his soft belly, but it was his only chance. He was lucky-the ploy seemed to work. He heard a "hhuuffff" beneath him as the breath was knocked out of his attacker. Thrashing fiercely,

Rusty managed to wriggle free. Without looking back, he sprinted towards his home. Behind him, a rush of pawsteps told Rusty that his attacker was giving chase. Even though the pain from his scratches stung beneath his fur, Rusty decided he would rather turn and fight than let himself be jumped on again. He skidded to a stop, turned around, and faced his pursuer. It was another kitten, it's a thick coat of shaggy gray fur, strong legs, and a broad face. In a heartbeat, Rusty smelled that it was a tom, and sensed the power in the sturdy shoulders underneath the soft coat. Then the kitten crashed into Rusty at full pelt. Taken by surprise by Rusty's turnabout, it fell back into a dazed heap. The impact knocked the breath out of Rusty, and he staggered. He quickly found his footing and arched his back, puffing out his orange fur, ready to spring onto the other kitten. But his attacker simply sat up and began to lick a forepaw, all signs of aggression gone. Rusty felt strongly disappointed. Every part of his was tease, ready for battle. "Hi there, kittypet!" Meowed the gray tom cheerily. "You put up quite a fight for a tame kitty!" He mewed again as he licked his paw and drew it over his face. Rusty remained on his tiptoes for a second, wondering whether to attack anyway. Then he remembered the strength he had felt from this kitten's paws when he had pinned him to the ground. He dropped onto his pads, loosened his muscles, and let his spine unbend. "And I'll fight you again if I have to." He growled as he lashed his tail once, green eyes flaring up like an ember starting a forest fire. "I'm Graypaw by the way." The gray kitten went on, ignoring Rusty's threat. "I'm training to be a ThunderClan warrior." He boasted as he waved his tail like a dog would when it was begging for food. Rusty remained silent. He didn't understand what this Graywhatsit was meowing about, but he sensed the threat had passed. He hid his confusion by leaning down to lick his ruffled chest. "What's a kittypet like you doing out in the woods? Don't you know it's dangerous?" Asked Graypaw as Rusty stopped licking his chest and lifted his head to face the gray tom. "If *you're* the most dangerous thing the woods has to offer, then I think I can handle it." Rusty bluffed as his ears twitched, another cold breeze swept through the woods which made the forest howl eerily. Graypaw looked up at him for a moment, narrowing his big yellow eyes. "Oh, I'm far from the most dangerous. If I were even half a warrior, I'd have given an intruder like you some real wounds to think about." Graypaw meowed with a flick of his bushy tail.

Rusty felt a thrill of fear at these ominous words. What did this cat mean by "intruder"? "Anyway," Meowed Graypaw, using his sharp teeth to tug a clump of grass from between his claws, "I didn't think it was worth hurting you. You're obviously not from one of the other Clans." Graypaw continued after spitting the clump of grass out from his teeth and sheathed back his claws, he stretched his paws. "Other Clans?" Rusty echoed, confused by his words and the way he said it as if he knew about the "other Clan". Graypaw let out an impatient hiss. "You must've heard of the four warrior Clans that hunt around here! I belong to ThunderClan. The other Clans are always trying to steal prey from our territory, especially ShadowClan. They're so fierce they would have ripped you to shreds, no questions asked." Graypaw paused to spit angrily and continued. "They come to take prey that I rightfully ours. It's the job of the ThunderClan warriors to keep them out of our territory. When I've finished my training, I'll be so dangerous, I'll have the other Clans shaking in their flea-bitten skins. They won't dare come near us then!" Graypaw boasted again as he unsheathed one claw and sliced a piece of grass with it, his yellow eyes glittered.

Rusty dashed towards his Twolegs garden, he felt energy and excitement swelling in his heart as he felt the wind through his fur. *So this is what Graypaw ment!* Rusty leaped over the fence in one leap but scrambled a bit as he propelled himself forward with his hind legs and lunged straight toward the Twoleg door which was open. "Nutmeg! Princess! Duke! Small!" Rusty yowled in excitement as he skidded to a halt once in the den, his green eyes glittered as the sun's light beamed down from the window. "I met some-" Rusty stopped himself when he noticed Duke was standing over Small, Princess loomed over her as well and beside her light brown brother, Small was lying on the floor on her flank and scarlet stained her pelt. Rusty stared at them in horror as Duke and Princess noticed him and flattened their ears and drew back, pawsteps of Small's blood stained Duke's paws and left marks on the shiny wooden floor as he backed away from his sister. Rusty was speechless as he glanced from Small and to his siblings who were both stained with Small's blood on their paws, fury rose from his stomach and it showed in his green eyes, his pelt bristled and he flattened his ears. "What happened?!" Rusty yowled, nothing but anger echoed in his voice as he unsheathed his claws and they

scraped against the floor, he faced Duke and Princess. "Explain!" He snarled, lashing his tail wildly like a flimsy branch during a storm. The two kittens were pressing their fur against each other, Duke was clearly trying to protect his little sister from their oldest brother. "She attacked us first!" Princess blurted as Duke whipped his tail, his light brown pelt was mixed with Princess's tortoiseshell fur and they seemed like a fur ball rather than two kittens. "Small attacked us, she was mad because she thought we had made her fall when she was climbing the furred toy earlier. It's not our fault!" Duke lied as he lowered his ears and pretended to lower his head in guilt or grief. "Not your fault? *Not* your fault!?" Rusty snapped. His mind just exploded as he went over the signs of what he's been noticing from his three other siblings, he knew what was going on. "I know you and Princess have been bullying Small!" Rusty yowled, his muscles tensed and ready to spring but he stood his ground, he didn't want to explain to Nutmeg why he had attacked his own siblings. *But Duke and Princess did...* A voice told him in his mind as he returned back to the situation, he let out a furious hiss. "What?!" Duke tried to lie again, he tried to seem surprised by his brother accusing him but Rusty saw through it. "Don't act innocent! You've been bullying her ever since we were born. You *and* Princess have been attacking her behind my back and Nutmeg's back!" His ginger coat rose and his green eyes turned sharp as he stepped over to Small and sniffed her before turning to Duke and Princess. "You two a disgrace to all of us." Rusty growled as Duke let out a hiss. "Small's a disgrace. She's so small and weak, that's why Nutmeg named her that. She's weak, stupid, small, and the worst mistake any family could ever have!" The light brown kitten snapped, Rusty couldn't hold back his anger no more. "Attacking a littermate is a more disgraceful thing to do!" He flashed across the wooden floor and lunged for Duke, Princess sprang away in freight as Rusty wrestled with his brother. Duke was surprised by Rusty's sudden strength. He had never seen this strength in Rusty before, Duke was always the strongest and yet, he was being overpowered by his older brother. *I'm bigger so I should have the advantage!* He told himself as he pushed Rusty off and flipped to his paws unsteadily. But he was too late, Rusty had already leaped and was in midair when Duke rose to his paws. The flame-colored tom landed squarely on his brother and pinned him to the ground, claws sheathed and tail lashing. "Small is part of this family, she was born into it, she

was loved into it, and she will always be part of us." Rusty hissed in Duke's ear as he felt a small part of his anger die down but it was still blazing. Duke remained silent as Rusty got off and walked over to his sister who was unconscious. Duke rose weakly to his paws, he grunted indignantly as he shook his pelt and padded over to the frightened tortoiseshell kit. Princess was trembling in fear as she stared at Rusty in shock, she had never seen such aggression in her life, she didn't know her brother could be so fierce and aggressive when it comes to protecting his sister. "Small?" Rusty meowed to her as he poked her stomach with a paw, her flank heaved as she breathed but she didn't react to his paw, he then tugged her scruff and carried her little sister to the nest where Duke and Princess slept, since they always shoved Small out every night when Nutmeg was sleeping with the Twolegs, he gently placed her down and licked her cheek. "Hey! That's *our* bed!" Duke yowled across the room as he lifted his broad head and lashed his tail twice before pricking his ears. Rusty shot a dark glare at him which made him flinch but it was barely visible as he padded over to the bed and shoved Rusty away, shoving Small out of the bed as well. Small didn't respond but she just slid across the floor, a bit away from the bed as Duke pawed the soft fur covering it. "There, we wouldn't want her ugly knots of fur getting in our nest tonight Princess." Duke sneered as he finished pawing it and snorted. Rusty growled, he went over to Small and grabbed her once more and set her back into the nest. Duke was about to reach for her when Rusty barged in front and hissed fiercely, he smacked his brother's paw away as if it were smelly dung. "That's our-" Duke started but Rusty snarled as he lashed out with a paw, claws still sheathed. Duke backed away. "Stay away from her." He growled sternly as the fur along his spine spiked up and his flattened his ears again, claws pierced the wooden floor but didn't pierce through. "Fine, but she's getting out when Nutmeg comes back." Duke muttered as he dropped back and padded over to a Princess who was hiding behind where the Twolegs would sit and watch their big screen, Duke sat on it and glared at Rusty, he returned it with an icy cold blaze. Duke looked away as he laid his head on his paws and drifted to slepp. Rusty turned back to Small who was curled in the bedding like a newborn kitten again, although she wasn't awake, Rusty stayed with her all the time. Spitting whenever Duke came over and tried to shove Small out when he had pretended to had fallen asleep. Rusty sat

there, his eyelids fell so it looked like he was asleep and he managed to keep a steady beat of his breathing to act as if he were deep into sleep. He didn't know where their mother had gone with the Twolegs but he knew that she wouldn't come back until tomorrow the next morning, he had stayed up the entire night looking out for his youngest sister who was still unconscious. Rusty didn't know if he should wake Small, not knowing whether she would die from her wounds, but he believed she had a strong spirit to come back. He didn't move a muscle since his place ever since he had fought with Duke, he felt stiff but he managed to stay up as he thought of the great possibilities if he were to join ThunderClan. *But what would happen to Small?... What if she they attack her again when I leave her?...* Thoughts swirled in his head as he blinked away sleep, dawn was near. As the sun rose upon the horizon, he had finally made his choice. Sacrifices were made and his future was now in place...

Chapter 3

Many many days passed since Small was knocked unconscious from Duke and Princess's attack. She felt more hollow than usual, her mother Nutmeg didn't believe her anymore when she was hurt, being blamed by Duke and Princess that she hurt them, and Rusty had went to live with the wildcats of the forest. She wished she had gone with him instead of living here with the family that doesn't even care for her now. "Nutmeg?" Small called as the tortoiseshell queen passed, she pricked her ears by the sound of her name and turned to her daughter. "Can I go-" Small spoke but Nutmeg let out a hiss. "Shh! Quiet! Duke and Princess are sleeping!" She hissed with a lash of her tail, turned her back, and padded over to them. *What am I doing wrong?...* Small said in her head as emotion swirled through her soul. Nutmeg cuddled in with her two kits, she slept with them in the bed and wrapped her tail around them. Small let out a hiss of fury. "Fine!" She dashed past Nutmeg, Duke, and Princess, they lifted their heads but she didn't look back, she went straight for the door to the garden. "Small!" Nutmeg's yowl sounded but Small didn't hear it as she burst into the garden, she went to the fence and scrambled up it before pelting over to the other side and into the woods. She pelted through the forest, only her paws knew where they were taking her, she felt twigs slap her face, brambles tug at her pelt, and rocks barely touching her fur as she sped by. Small didn't know where she was going, she just knew to run. Tears streamed from her face as she raced through the undergrowth then she tripped over a fallen trees branch. She squealed at the pain, she started to tumble down a hill and she felt small rocks pierce her back and she fought the urge to screech in agony. She finally slid to a stop as she stumbled into a sandy clearing, trees folded around the hollow and bushes surrounded the edges of the clearing. Small rose to her paws and shook her head, the bell on her red collar rung as she struggled to get her vision straight. But before it did, she saw a blurry dark brown shape leaped for her, she didn't know if Duke found her so she squealed, the tabby cat instantly knocked her to the ground and pinned her down. Small felt pain in her shoulders as

she regained her sight and winced as she saw a massive dark brown tabby pinning her down to the sandy earth, her forest green eyes were full of fear as she stared at him and flattened her ears. "Hey! Tigerclaw!" A voice hissed, the tom didn't turn away from her, she wriggled beneath him. "So, you chose to go and live back with your Twolegs, hmm, *Firepaw*?" The tom sneered as he bared his teeth and lashed his tail. "What? Who's *Firepaw*?" Small didn't understand this cat, she was confused by what he said. Then she got it. *Is this a wildcat?!* Fear rose from her stomach as she stared into his furious amber eyes, his dark brown tabby fur was bristled and his ears were pinned against his broad head. "Tigerclaw, enough!" The voice hissed again, more furious. "What?" The massive tom growled as he turned his head back to the other cat. "She is of no threat, let her get to her paws." Another voice sounded, more calm and wise. Small looked down and saw a large golden tom with a mane around his neck, a pale gray she-cat, and a small dusky brown she-cat. "Get off of her." The dusky brown she-cat growled, her fur rising. "Shut up Mousefur." The tom hissed threateningly as he lashed his tail. I have to get away from this cat! Small told herself as she unsheathed her claws and slashed the tom pinning her, he sprang back by the sudden attack with a hiss of fury. She sprang to her paws and let out a hiss as the dark brown tabby tom snarled at her then leaped with long claws glinting black in the light. Small didn't have to me to react and was hit, pain surged through her as she heard distant yowling as she hit the ground and felt herself go limp for a moment. "Tigerclaw!" She saw the pale gray she-cat hit the massive tom away, he skidded to a halt but didn't lash out, he just snorted and hissed with anger. "Kit, are you okay?" The golden tom said as he approached but the dusky brown she-cat grabbed her scruff and dashed away. Small saw the forest move around her as she looked back to see the golden tom and the pale gray she-cat following. Tigerclaw was no where to be seen. "Willowpelt, go and get Spottedleaf." The dusky brown she-cat meowed through Small's fur as the pale gray she-cat nodded and sped past them as the golden tom spoke. "Are you sure Tigerclaw won't be mad about you saving the kit that attacked him?" He wondered, although the question sounded dumb, he had a hint of worriedness and wisdom. "If Tigerclaw lays one whisker me or this kit, then I'll make sure he'll regret it." Mousefur hissed through her scruff as she felt dizzy and weak, the same feeling of blood went through her as she felt her

stomach was sliced, not to make it so it was open but she felt weaker than ever. *No wonder Nutmeg tells us to stay away from the forest...* Small said in her mind as she was dangling from the cat's jaws as they came to a halt. She heard gasps of sourness and worriedness. "Another kittypet!" She heard one of them yowl with a hiss. "Throw it out and let it die! We don't need its Twolegs to come and discover our camp!" Another cat spat as she swung from Mousefur's jaws, before she knew it, she was lying in a soft nest, she didn't know what it was. Small lay there, her green eyes dull, her flame-colored fur scarred and bloody, and red collar ripped; she winced at the pain as she felt a sting in her stomach. "Stay still, you'll be fine." A soft voice sounded as the cat applied some bitter-smelling stuff on her wounds, she squealed but the tortoiseshell she-cat soothed her with her soft tail. "Can I go out?" Small mewed after a nap from her recovery, she still didn't know where she was and yet, she felt as if it was home. "Fine, but don't bounce around." Spottedleaf meowed. She had asked the she-cat what her name was and she responded as Spottedleaf, she seemed nice and polite. Small padded out of the den, she pushed past the ferns that hung from the top of the den and entered the clearing. Small felt pride and excitement swell in her as her eyes sparkled as she saw the large clearing, the cats in it lifted their heads as she trotted over to the center of the clearing. "What's the kittypet still doing here?" A cat hissed as she lowered her head and her ears, she felt her scars along her right eye burn as she gazed at the cats looking at her with cold eyes, some looked at her like that but some didn't. "Small!" A familiar voice sounded and a scent hit her nose, she spun around and what she saw was astonishing. "Rusty!" The flame-colored tom ran over to her with fear and happiness filling his forest green eyes, she squealed as she nuzzled him and he did the same. "This is the one I was telling you about Firepaw." A white tom with wise yellow eyes meowed as he approached them, his shoulders were broad and thick with muscles, Small noticed it and wondered if this cat would attack her like what Tigerclaw did. "This is my sister, Small." Firepaw mewed to the white cat, his ears pricked with excitement at the sight of his little sister. *So that's who Tigerclaw was talking about, I guess Rusty got a new name when he joined the Clans...* Small guessed as she looked at the larger tom and his behind his older brother. "Don't worry little one, my name's Whitestorm. Nice to meet you." The cat meowed in a soft and polite voice as he sat

beside Firepaw. "Hi." Small mewed to Whitestorm and a warm feeling rose from the depths of her stomach. *He's nicer than Tigerclaw.* She turned to her brother. "Is this where you went Rusty?-I mean Firepaw." Small squeaked as she licked his nose and giggled a bit. "Yes, this is ThunderClan's camp. I live here now." Firepaw nodded as he turned his head around to point to the camp clearing, a gray tom with big yellow eyes came up to the group, along with a small black cat with a white chest, tail tip, and amber eyes, two others with a dark brown tabby pelt and a pale ginger cat followed. "These are my friends." Firepaw pointed to each one in turn as she smiled at them and pricked her ears. "Graypaw, Ravenpaw, Dustpaw, and Sandpaw." Her brother meowed but Dustpaw frightened her, she stepped back and flattened her ears, letting out a hiss of defense. "You look like Tigerclaw." Small growled as she gazed at the tom, he seemed similar to the massive tom except Tigerclaw had a scar over his muzzle, broader shoulders, a broader head, and a missing part of one of his ears which is in a "V" shape. "Tigerclaw? How do you know him?" Graypaw interrupted as he shoved his face into her's, she backed away as he had a smile on his face, he backed off and giggled a bit. "I already told you, Tigerclaw attacked this kit for no good reason." A familiar voice said with a hiss of irritation. Small recognized Mousefur, the cat that had saved her from Tigerclaw's attack earlier. "Mousefur, you know as well as I do that Tigerclaw is a loyal warrior. He will never attack a harmless kit." A new voice behind her made Small jump as she turned in midair and saw a blue-gray she-cat with piercing blue eyes, silver hair tinged on her muzzle, and an ugly scar across her shoulders. "That's Bluestar, she's leader of ThunderClan." Firepaw told her as she turned to him in surprise, they seemed to be like twins as they were close together. Bluestar examined them, sniffing her. "This is your sister, Firepaw?" She meowed calmly as she drew back and lifted her head. He nodded. "You look exactly like Firepaw, Small." Bluestar turned her piercing gaze to her as she held it and didn't flinch for an odd reason. "Brave too." A new voice snarled as Small turned to see the cat she feared the most, Tigerclaw was stomping over with a dark look in his eyes and his claws digging into the earth of the camp. "Stay away from this kit." Mousefur growled as she stepped closer, Firepaw moved in front of his sister and flattened his ears. "Move aside *kittypet*, this is between me and this other kittypet of yours." Tigerclaw hissed to

Firepaw as he shoved the apprentice away, Small sprung to her brother's defense, she sprang in front of Firepaw and stood nose to nose with Tigerclaw. "Enough Tigerclaw." Bluestar warned with a flick of her tail, her whiskers twitched. "Let me deal with this kittypet." The dark brown tabby tom growled as he lashed his tail. "I said-" Bluestar continued but Small interrupted her. "No, I can handle myself." She meowed firmly without one glance at the Clan leader, her eyes locked with Tigerclaw's as she unsheathed her claws and felt power surge through her. "Fine." Bluestar growled softly as she drew back, Whitestorm followed as Graypaw and the other apprentice stepped back, Firepaw sat closer by beside Mousefur, the rest of the Clan watched. *I see she has the same fire as Firepaw when he fought Longtail, but I don't see enough fire, I see, more darkness...* Bluestar thought to herself as she watched closely. Small backed up while Tigerclaw leaped instantly, she predicted his movement and dashed straight under and while he was still in the air, she leaped onto him, locking her claws into his long fur. Small clung to his spine as he spun around to snap at her, he then rolled and she was left lying in the earth, she felt her wounds start to burn but she weakly rose to her paws and faced Tigerclaw with blazing green eyes. "This was your biggest mistake you'll ever make, weak kittypet." He dared to say as she felt darkness and rage surge through her blood and enter her muscles and claws. "This is the biggest mistake you'll ever make!" Small lunged for him and felt her claws score across his flank and she bit his hind leg and dug her claws into his flesh. He hissed in pain before whipping back around and smacked his claws across her and sent her flying, she landed and pounced once more, fury rising deep in her mind and heart. Tigerclaw dashed away and Small missed her target but she quickly flipped back around to face him and the moment she landed, she used her muscles and lunged back forward with twice the force of her first miss as she hit her mark. "Ack!" Tigerclaw hissed as he lashed out at her, his long claws whiskers away from her fur. Small was focused on his movement of his tail to see his claws, Tigerclaw landed a strong hit on her, she was his with his claws on her left throat and went sliding across the camp clearing. "Small!" Firepaw gasped as he stepped closer to the fight, he growled, fur bristling. "Leave her alone!" He snarled as he stepped even closer, Graypaw and Mousefur stood beside him, the flame-colored apprentice glanced a look at his leader, his green eyes pleading and fierce.

Bluestar saw his glance and she nodded before yowling. "Stop, Tigerclaw." Bluestar ordered but the warrior didn't stop his launch of attacks, he raked through Small's fur and had a small smirk on his face, Small yowled in agony as Bluestar darted forward and Spottedleaf burst from the medicine cat's den, her amber eyes wide and her tortoiseshell fur spiked. "I said enough Tigerclaw!" Bluestar snarled as she shoved him away from the bleeding kit, Spottedleaf instantly darted over and started applying herbs. "Go and cool off. Now." The Clan leader hissed, her eyes pierced through him and they locked gazes for a second before the massive dark brown tabby tom snorted in disgust then padded out of camp, Longtail and Darkstripe followed him. Bluestar sighed and let her fur lie flat as she turned around to Small's writhed body with Spottedleaf and Firepaw. The young apprentice was licking his sister's head frantically. "Don't worry Small. Spottedleaf will fix you right up." He tried to reassure his sister as she opened her eyes, they were bright with fear. "This is exactly like what happened many moons ago." Bluestar interrupted as she let out an angry sigh, her whiskers twitched. "What do you mean?" Ravenpaw replied nervously as if he had just heard about a scary story. "Many moons ago, when I was still deputy of ThunderClan, Tigerclaw had attacked a harmless kittypet in our territory. His mentor Thistleclaw had told him that Tigerclaw would attack the kit, as practice." Bluestar meowed as she turned to Small and Firepaw, Firepaw didn't lift his head from his sister's gaze. "He almost killed the poor thing, and Tigerclaw made sure that the kittypet had never forgotten him ever again. I was so furious, as well as Sunstar." She nodded to Whitestorm and Lionheart as she turned to Firepaw and tilted her head. "Young Firepaw, I want you to bring your sister back to your home. She has suffered enough already. I do not want to have this kit suffer another wound." Bluestar mewed softly as he stepped away from his sister and looked at the ground. "No! I'm never going back there!" Small yowled before springing to her paws and pelting out of the camp like a frightened mouse, Firepaw yowled after her. "Small!" Small pelted through the forest and away from ThunderClan's camp, she ran the opposite way of the camp entrance and from the Twolegplaces. Blood still stained her pelt as she dashed between trees, leaped over rocks, and dodged bramble bushes, she tore through the forest as she then approached a Twoleg road, or Thunderpath to the Clans. She blindly crossed it and managed to

nearly escape a monster that roared straight at her, she darted to the other side and pelted through the marsh of ShadowClan's territory. She saw more cats, they tensed and they started to hiss as she kept running near them, one of them, a huge white tom with jet-black paws sprang at her with claws and teeth bared. "Kittypet!" The large white cat snarled as she sidestepped and kept running without looking back, her forest green eyes bright with fear and pain as she pelted away from the wildcats. "After her!" She heard a rush of pawsteps behind her which told her that the ShadowClan cats were chasing her as she felt the blood pound in her ears. Small sniffed the air and smelled the wretched scent of ShadowClan cats and once she heard a loud noise, she felt the scent of the forest cats fade, she must've passed their scent line. Small kept going, she didn't know where but she didn't want to stop running, she knew that the cats out here are more cruel than the wildcats of the forest and that someone like her would never survive here. She slowed to a pace then noticed it started raining, her red collar was torn and the part that held her bell was missing. *I'll make sure he'll regret ever causing me pain...* Small promised in her head as she spit something out of her mouth, it was a black claw, one of Tigerclaw's claws. She knew that if she had a collar, she would be regarded as a weak kittypet that ran away, she grabbed Tigerclaw's claw and tried to slice the collar. Small held the claw in her mouth and she pushed the sharp claw in the collar but it didn't do her any good. She let go of the claw and noticed it had gotten stuck into her collar, she hissed with frustration but she went to a puddle of water and gazed down into it, she looked better with the claw in the collar, she smirked evilly as she turned away from the puddle and saw a brick wall. She had heard about the brick walls that some Twolegs would build around their nests, she went to it and thought for a moment before rising on her hind legs and placed her paws to the wall, she unsheathed her claws and started dragging them down the brick wall, sharpening them with every stroke. "Hey!" A voice sounded from the darkness of the alley, she turned her sharp green eyes at the cat, she could just barely see him, a small black cat with icy blue eyes that were fiercer than Bluestar's, he stepped into the dim light as the sun went down. "What do you want?" Small growled as she kept sharpening them. "You seem nice.. He said coolly as he approached her, she cast a warning glare at him, he stopped but didn't flinch. "What do you mean 'nice'?" She hissed as she lashed

her tail and dug her claws deeper into the brick wall, soon there were deep claw marks. "What I mean is that you seem like a good cat for my Clan." He smirked as his ear flicked, his tail swished behind him. "I don't wanna be part of ShadowClan, WindClan, or RiverClan." Small snarled as she turned and faced him, she was a bit smaller than him but she could fight like a fox, she stood nose to nose with him, they're dark eyes reflected each other's as the cat meowed. "I'm not talking about any of those Clans, I'm talking about *my* Clan, *BloodClan*." He meowed which made Small prick her ears at the sound of the name, she liked the name but she didn't look away from his icy blue eyes. "Fine. Do you have a deputy?" Small hissed as the black cat glanced away then pointed behind him with his tail. "Bone is my deputy." As he spoke, a huge black-and-white tom that stood almost five times Small's height, she didn't flinch as she glared at him. "What's your name?" Small asked the black tom as he licked a paw with reinforced dog claws. "Scourge. I used to be a kittypet like you until those filthy wildcats attacked me, I used to be Tiny." The BloodClan leader meowed with a snort, Bone just glowered down at her, she let out a hiss to warn him to stay away from her, he jerked back and a smirk appeared on his face. "She would be a good addition to BloodClan." Bone meowed in a deep voice as he swept his tail over his paws, Scourge spoke. "What's your's?" Scourge asked Small as she gazed back at him, her eyes were darker but he denied the thought of it. "Small, I was just attacked by ThunderClan cats as you can see." Small flicked her tail to her chest and belly which were covered in fresh blood. "You can call me Savage though." Small growled as Scourge noticed the large scars on her face. "These are from my brother and sister." She meowed, not loosening her gaze at Scourge as he stared at the wound. "I see. Well, we should tell the rest about your joining. Follow me, *Savage*." The black tom led the way into the darkness of the alleyway, dusk had passed and nightfall was upon them, she followed but Bone stood behind her as if she was a prisoner. Small snapped at him and he flinched back but almost hidden as he padded forward to walk beside his leader. Small felt strong, she felt as if she could kill Tigerclaw now, she had felt this kind of power before, when Nutmeg, Duke, and Princess had rejected her. *I'm Savage now. No one can stop me now...* A evil smirk was encarved on her face as her forest green eyes reflected nothing but blood-thirsty and the coldest darkness.

Chapter 4

"Small has joined BloodClan. She will be known as Savage as her BloodClan name." Scourge yowled Small's name as he flicked his black tail tip. The BloodClan cats below him all glared at Savage while she returned the cold look. "Brick will explain the rules and such." Scourge said as the ginger tom stepped forward and looked down at the cat which was much smaller than Scourge. "Are you sure this kit will be strong enough and worthy enough to join BloodClan?" Brick said to his Clan leader as Savage growled. "She'll have to prove that but for now, teach her our ways and train her. I know that all of your former apprentices have died in your training sessions, maybe this one will be the first to ever make BloodClan proud after me." Scourge meowed as he turned his back and disappeared into the darkness, his dark outlying almost invisible in the shadows as Savage glared at Brick. "Well then, let's head out, kit." Brick snorted as he lashed his tail once before padding into the darkness, Savage let out a hiss before following him and soon they were in a very familiar place.

Firepaw raced through the forest, following the blood stains and the faint paw prints of his sister. He had snapped at Tigerclaw for hurting his sister and ran off. Whitestorm and Lionheart are searching for his twin sister as well, following him since he knows what his sister smells like more than the two Clan cats. "Small!" He called desperately, hoping to hear a response but nothing came back except for the whistle of the forest. "It's no use..." Firepaw lowered his head, defeated. "We must return back to camp, Firepaw. I know that she was your sister and that she was something that can never be replaced but your a Clan cat, you have to be loyal to your Clan as well as your kin." Whitestorm nosed the apprentice to his paws, feeling sympathy since he had lost his own mother when she was hit by a monster, protecting ThunderClan's territory and prey. "Come now, Bluestar will be waiting." Lionheart said in a sympathetic voice as he turned and led the way back towards camp,

his golden pelt glowed a ginger in the sunlight as the sun set, setting Firepaw's pelt into flames that earned him his name. "It's no wonder Bluestar named you Firepaw." Whitestorm joked around as Firepaw tried to look like himself but after watching his youngest sister fight Tigerclaw and get beat badly then run off still stunned him and he knew that he would never be able to get the sight of Small covered in blood and clawmarks from his *own* Clanmate. He just followed the two senior warriors in silence as the sun fell to the side of them as big, long shadows were cast across the forest floor and the trees that seemed to reach out with their branches as claws, reaching for the three cats as if they were intruding and were going to be taken prisoners. Leaves fell and the sky quickly grew dark with a glow of orange as a low growl of thunder above them sounded and filled the dark forest. "Hurry, there's a storm coming." Lionheart meowed with urgency as they quickened their pace and soon came to the camp and headed quickly to shelter as rain started to drop from the stormy skies. Firepaw couldn't sleep, he padded out of the apprentices den and sat in the rain, it's soft droplets falling onto his nose. As he looked up, his ginger pelt was drenched with rain water and his green eyes glowed, not with excitement or joy, but with sadness and guilt. Lightning struck as it illuminated the sky for a second before going dark, he watched the rain and the lightning as if he were to learn something about it. After a while, he felt as if the stars above the clouds were speaking to him. He felt as if the skies and StarClan were weeping for the loss of Small and were too crying. Firepaw was comforted by the rain and the surroundings around him, but as his head fell back down to the camp, he felt eyes burning into his pelt as if someone or something was watching him. He turned and saw nothing, he ignored it, thinking it could just be him and lifted his head back to the dark skies and watched them as if they were going to tell him something or send a sign of their sympathy if he didn't look at them. "If only I had brought you here with me, things would be much better..." Firepaw mumbled as rain dropped beside his eye and made him look as if he was crying, but as they disappeared on the dark earth, his forest green eyes were filled with tears of deep sadness. His claws dug into the soaked earth below him. "Things would be so much better...." The ginger apprentice said as more tears ran down his face, his was hunched over and the tears fell onto the earth that was dry from where he was sitting. "I'm sorry..."

Things would be much better if he had taken me with him.... Savage thought as she slept in a cardboard box, almost soaked to the point where she would rather sleep outside in the rain rather than the nasty soaked box. *Things would be so much better...* She told herself but shook her head, she knew that this would happen and Tigerclaw would probably get rid of her anyway. "Hey, wake up. Scourge wants you." Savage lifted her head as she made out the figures of Bone and Brick. She nodded before rising to her paws and followed the two cats as they made their way back to where Scourge sleeps. "What is it Scourge?" Savage meowed as Bone and Brick left, leaving her alone in the dark alleyway. "I heard that you have a brother in the Clans. What is his name?" Scourge appeared from the shadows, his icy blue eyes gleamed as they reflected the light and were flickering like flames. "We called him Rusty but he joined ThunderClan and is now called Firepaw." Savage said as her tail swished across the hard, cold concrete below. The black tom grew quiet and didn't say anything for a moment before stepping out of the shadows. "I'd like to teach you the ways of BloodClan, the other cats don't seem as worthy to train a cat straight from the forest." Scourge mewed as he leaped down from his den and landed beside her, their pelts were completely different but their blood wasn't. "But first-" A loud hiss made Savage whip her head around as she saw a large dark gray tabby tom with a dark green collar, his yellow eyes glowed with hatred. "Who are you?" She challenged him as he stepped from the shadows, scars covered his pelt but she didn't flinch, knowing she looked worse but didn't reveal it as the right side of her face was covered in shadows, hiding the large gash over her eye. "Newt. I'm the cat that will be your worst nightmare." Newt growled as his fur rose along his spine, cats gathered around, Savage noticed Bone and Brick, they just watched. "Go-" Scourge started but Savage flicked her tail to not to interfere. He stepped back, a snort came from him as he leaped up to the top of his den and watched from higher ground. "That's too bad." Savage sneered as her green eyes turned into slits, she was completely calm, her instincts kicking in as she glared at him. "Don't underestimate me." Savage threatened as Newt let out a laugh. "You think you're so big. I'll make sure that you'll ever regret you thought about challenging me." Newt hissed as he leaped at her, she predicted his movements and slipped under, giving quite even a hair of effort. Newt landed then sprang to face her. "Kitten moves you got there." He sneered as

his tail lashed and sprang once more, claws extended. Savage quickly side stepped and as he landed once more, she let out an annoyed yawn. "Are you gonna keep playing around like a bouncing kit or fight?" Savage taunted as Newt flattened his ears. "I'll show you how a true BloodClan cat fights." Savage turned to face Newt, he flinched at the huge gash over her eye, most of the cats spectating did the same but wasn't as much as the arrogant gray tabby in front of her. "You're no BloodClan cat! You're a weak, stupid and soft kitten!" Newt spat as he arched his back. What he had said made flashbacks of her brother and sister and something snapped in her head, she just glared at Newt. "Oh, did that scare you?" Newt taunted as he lifted his head in triumph. Savage's inner beast was awakened and was unleashed onto Newt as she sped past him, not making any love other than her flashing from her spot to behind him, her forest green eyes still slits as Newt's face was full of shock. Scourge's icy blue eyes widened, he had never seen such a sight and was amazed as he had watched and in not even a second of flash, she was already the winner of this battle, Newt fell to the ground. "What the?" Ice, another BloodClan cat said as he watched in the front, his eyes were confused on what just happened. Newt rose from his paws, nothing seemed to faze him as he glared back around at Savage, nothing seemed wrong. "Ha! Is that all you got kit-" Newt's throat suddenly burst and blood poured from it, it sprayed all across Savage as she was watching him fall, her claws stained with blood. Cats gasped as some of them yowled. "I said not to underestimate me, and you did. So that's your punishment." The ginger she-cat meowed as she licked off the blood from her claws which glistened in the light. Scourge narrowed his eyes as he smiled and tipped his head for Savage to follow, he padded away towards the shadows of the alleyways. Savage followed as a pool of blood formed around Newt. "Get him treated, he's a cat we can't afford to lose." Brick commanded as the other BloodClan cats carried him and took him to where cats would recover. Bone stared after the two, his eyes narrowed. *I'm glad that I won't get into a fight with Savage...* He said to himself as he glanced over his shoulder at the group taking Newt away. *I wouldn't want to be Newt right now. It was just luck that Savage didn't kill him, he's a worthy cat of BloodClan but if Scourge doesn't disagree with Savage's skills then I wouldn't dare object...* The huge black-and-white tom told himself as he turned back towards the alleyways and padded to his own den. "I saw the

potential in you today during your fight with Newt." Scourge said as he flicked his tail, facing Savage. She didn't respond as he continued. "I believe that you will be a great leader for BloodClan one day." The black tom meowed as his icy blue eyes glowed. "You shouldn't believe, because I *will* be leader." Savage licked her blood covered claws, he narrowed his eyes at her but knew that it was true because he couldn't live forever. Scourge nodded before padding away, leaving her there as he felt something burn into his soul. He felt a chill of fear as his ears twitched, the memory of Savage's battle just now made him afraid, if she didn't get what she wanted, she could kill him. He felt terrified as he had slept that night, seeing flashes of Savage making almost no movement and slicing his neck open like prey. Although he had never felt fear in a while, he felt fear creep up his spine as he imagined himself in Newt's place. Fear struck him like a stone as he woke with a start. *I mustn't let her become leader of BloodClan, no matter what...*

Chapter 5

"I, Bluestar, leader of ThunderClan, call upon my warrior ancestors to look down on these two apprentices. They have trained hard to understand the ways of your noble code, and I commend them to you as warriors in their turn." She looked down at Firepaw and Graypaw, narrowing her eyes. "Firepaw, Graypaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your lives?" Firepaw felt something stir within him, a fire that burned in his belly and rang in his ears. He suddenly felt that everything he had done for the Clan so far—all the prey he stalked, all the enemy warriors he had fought—had been for the sake of this single moment. "I do," he replied steadily. "I do," echoed Graypaw, his fur bristling in excitement. "Then by the powers of StarClan I give you your warrior names: Graypaw, from this moment you will be known as Graystripe. StarClan honors your bravery and your strength, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan." Bluestar stepped forward and rested her muzzle on top of Graystripe's bowed head. He bent lower to give her shoulder a respectful lick, then straightened up and walked over to join the other warriors. Bluestar stood and studied Firepaw for a long moment before speaking. "Firepaw, from this moment you will be known as Fireheart. StarClan honors your bravery and strength, and we welcome you as a full warrior of ThunderClan." She touched her muzzle to his head and murmured, "Fireheart, I am proud to have you as my warrior. Serve your Clan well, young one." As Fireheart moved away from his leader, the Clan that once doubted his loyalty chanted his and Graystripe's name. "Fireheart! Graystripe! Fireheart! Graystripe! Fireheart! Graystripe!" ThunderClan chanted the new warriors names as they soon died down. The Clan started slipping into their dens as Fireheart and Graystripe sat in the middle of camp, as to tradition, newly made warriors must sit vigil on the

night they receive their warrior names for one full night and must not leave their post until their former mentor approves.

Morning approached as Graystripe let out a yawn, his gray fur lifted up as he yawned. "You two are relieved." A large white tom with yellow eyes meowed stepped out from the warriors den, his pelt glowing in the pale dawn. "Thanks Whitestorm." Fireheart meowed once he dipped his head to the senior warrior. "No need to dip your head like that Fireheart. You are a warrior too and you don't have to act like an apprentice." Whitestorm mewed politely as he flicked his tail, Fireheart lifted his head as Graystripe stretched his aching limbs. "You two should get some rest, Bluestar will want you two to go hunting later on." Whitestorm said as Graystripe joined them. "Alright, we will Whitestorm. Thanks again." Fireheart meowed as the white tom nodded and padded towards a group of cats, Mousefur, Runningwind, and Sandpaw, they soon headed out on the dawn patrol. "I'm starving!" Graystripe complained as he made his way towards the fresh-kill pile, only to be blocked by Tigerclaw. "Hey!" The gray warrior hissed as the dark brown tabby turned to him. "Senior warriors eat first." The large tabby growled as Graystripe flinched, Fireheart dashed up to them. "You two can eat *after* you've cleaned out the elders den." Tigerclaw growled once more after picking up a plump vole. "We're not apprentices anymore Tigerclaw." Fireheart growled as he arched his spine, letting his fur rise. "You still are to the Clan, maybe not to Bluestar but to the rest of us, you're a *kittypet*." Tigerclaw hissed to Fireheart but didn't say anything to Graystripe as he watched almost helplessly. "I'm a *warrior*. A *ThunderClan warrior*." Fireheart corrected him with a hiss. "Sure, let your dreams drift to the real world Fire*kit*. That's what you've been doing ever since Bluestar approved of you." Tigerclaw sneered as he whipped his tail and padded towards the shade where Darkstripe and Longtail sat, sharing a pigeon as they both lifted their heads up to Tigerclaw and glared at Fireheart. He threw back the glares. "Don't worry about him Fireheart. We're *warriors* now and if he can't see that then let that be his problem." Graystripe meowed to his friend as the ginger tom let out a sigh of frustration before turning to him with a smile. "You're right. Thanks." Fireheart meowed with a polite tone as his green eyes lit up, the sun's rays hit his pelt and it burst into flames. "No wonder Bluestar named you Fireheart." Graystripe joked as his yellow eyes turned amber from

gazing at Fireheart's flaming pelt which reflected its bright orange color into his eyes that made it seem amber. "Yeah." Fireheart meowed as his ears twitched.

"Brick, take Savage, Zack and Flicker out." Scourge meowed as he flicked his black tail tip, his icy blue eyes bright with darkness. The ginger tom nodded before turning to the three younger cats and flicking his tail for them to follow. "I'll be looking forward to seeing my apprentice strong by tonight because we'll be holding a tournament." Scourge said with a promising look at Savage as she nodded with a grin on her face. "I'll be your apprentice soon, Scourge." Zack, the dark brown tom with stripes along his paws, muzzle and tail, said as his dark amber eyes brightened. *I'd like to see you try and beat Savage.* Scourge said in his mind but decided not to say it aloud. "Yeah right." Savage growled as she flicked her tail which was nearly wrapped around her paws. "I'd like to see you try and lay a whisker on me." Savage challenged as she lashed her tail but wrapped it back over her paws. "Coming from a *kitty* like you are big words." Zack sneered as his whiskers twitched. "Alright, we'll settle this later. For now, let's just get going before I send you all by yourselves to the dog house." Brick threatened as he flicked his muzzle. "Please, I'd stay there my life than stay with *this* idiot." Savage growled as she almost lashed out at the dark brown tom. "I'll see to that." Brick hissed as Zack let out a laugh as they pulled away from Scourge's den and headed towards the forest. "Good." Savage ignored Zack and meowed to Brick, the older tom flinched back in surprise from the agreement to the harsh dog house. The dog house was a Twolegden filled with dogs that are blood-thirsty and would tear up any cat that would set a whisker in there. All cats fear of the place and even Scourge fears it too, there haven't been any survivors that have spent more than one night in the cursed place. Scourge's thoughts came back to him as he watched Savage leave. *I mustn't let her become leader of BloodClan...* Scourge went over the words as he blinked away the thought of him dying beneath her paws.

"Alright, Savage, Zack and Flicker. We'll be working on battle moves today." Brick meowed as he gave an order. "First tatic in battle, what do you do when you've pinned your opponent down?" Brick asked as Flicker blinked, Zack bounced whilst Savage opened

her mouth to speak. "You go for the throat with no mercy." Savage meowed as Zack stopped bouncing and turned to Brick. "Exactly. We BloodClan cats do not tolerate with compassion or love, only battle and winning no matter what." The orange tom said with a stern look at each cat but seemed to flinch by Savage's cold gaze that pieced through him easily. "A-alright, first off is Flicker." Brick turned away from the flame-colored kit's gaze and focused on battle moves. "Leap at that leaf there and try to catch it, but once you land you must spring back to your paws and act as if you can only touch the ground once or if it was burning like fire." Brick ordered as Flicker nodded and started. He was doing great until the wind picked up and the leaf started twirling through the wind and soon ended up on a dark gray-black surface. Flicker didn't care and pelted after it, only to be hit by a monster as it roared past, sending the cat flying. "That's what happens if you don't pay attention to your surroundings." Brick hissed as Flicker landed with a thud, his sides heaved for breath but soon stopped as his life ended. "Now, for your turns." Brick turned to the two other cats as Flicker's body was run over continuously by passing monsters. "Zack, you're up." Brick meowed with a flick of his tail. Zack failed a few times but eventually managed to grab the leaf, just before Brick could attack him for his many failed attempts. "Your turn Savage." Brick growled as Zack panted. "I bet you won't be able to get it—" Zack was cut off as the kit instantly grabbed the leaf, she seemed to make it look like nothing and honestly to her, it was nothing. "Good, you're doing great. You got it on your first try." Brick praised as Zack flattened his ears. "She cheated! There was no wind!" He complained as Brick turned to his, flattening his ears. "Fine, Savage, do it once more but when the wind really picks up." Brick ordered as she nodded. The wind started to pick up, it raged wildly as Zack smiled. "Now do it!" He hissed as Savage rolled her green eyes then in a flash, caught the leaf. Zack's smile disappeared as frustration coursed through him as he bared his teeth. "Again! Catch every leaf here!" Zack snarled as Savage got to work and caught every single leaf over and over again as the wind would blow it over and over again. The wind finally stopped and the leaves were all in a pile in front of Zack and Brick. "There. Now can we move on?" Savage growled to Zack with no exhaustion in her voice as she turned to Brick. "Sure." Brick said before moving on.

The day had went by fast as Zack and Savage trained under Brick, they trained their defensive moves if they were to be pinned down, they trained the killing bite that Savage almost performed on Zack, and they trained their main battle skills which turned out to be easier than Brick thought it would go since Zack would push really hard to try and deny Savage's hopes of training under Scourge's wing. But Savage proved to be an excellent cat, despite her extremely small size. "That's enough for today, let's head back before nightfall." Brick meowed as he led the way back to the alleyways. "Where should I sleep tonight? The other BloodClan cats took my nest." Savage meowed to Brick as he turned to her, Zack pushed himself between the two as if he were trying to get Brick to listen to him. "Fight for it. I'm a little disappointed that you'd—" Brick was cut off by a sharp retort from Savage. "Alright, but don't get mad at me if you find them all *dead* by morning." Savage meowed as she pulled ahead of the two and headed towards her den while Zack was sent to see Scourge and report back to him. "Scourge." Zack started as the BloodClan leader stepped away from the darkness, revealing his dark pelt. "How was the training?" He asked with a flick of his tail. "It was fine, but Flicker died during the training, he was too easily distracted so he was hit by a monster." Zack meowed as Scourge lifted his head as he stopped down to him. "How was Savage's training?" Scourge asked. Zack thought of a plan quickly. "She was horrible at training. I had beat her at training on every lesson. Brick almost got mad at her for failing so many times." Zack lied, although this was untrue, it actually turned out to be him who had failed and almost got Brick mad. Scourge pricked his ears, his whiskers twitched and his eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Brick said that I was the best and believes that I'd be the best cat for you." Zack started to feel powerful as he spoke and got a bit cocky with his power, saying bad things about Savage until a loud growl made him turn. "So, I'm not worthy of being a BloodClan cat am I?" Savage growled as Zack's spine fur rose, he arched his spine. "You have failed me—" Scourge started but the flame-colored kit interrupted. "This is all a lie, in fact, it's not. He reversed everything." Savage hissed to Scourge. "He's jelous that I'm better than him so he lied to make you think that I'm not good enough to be your apprentice. He wants to be your apprentice in fact." Savage told the truth about Zack as cats started to gather from the commotion. "Hey! It's that cat that attacked us!" A yowl made

Savage, Scourge, and Zack turn their heads to the crowd. "Kill her!" Another voice sounded as cries of revenge made a whole group join in with them. "So, you're the tiny kitten that's been causing so much trouble, hm?" A large cat approached Savage and Zack as Scourge sat from a distance, he seemed confused and interested at the same time. "Yeah, what's it to you?" Savage hissed. "Well, I'm their mentor, and I don't appreciate you attacking them." The larger tom growled as Zack hissed at Savage. "Great, now I have another idiot to deal with. How many idiots are in this Clan?" Savage rolled her green eyes as Zack and the larger cat growled menacingly. "Watch your tongue kitten." The tom hissed as he dug his claws into the earth. "Watch your manners with the future leader of BloodClan." Savage sneered as she licked her paw and drew it over her face and forehead. "What? Future leader? Ha!" He burst into laughter as so did Zack and the group of cats who had started complaining. "Should we stop this before they all get killed?" Bone whispered to Scourge as he turned his head slightly to him but didn't take his icy blue gaze off the cats. "No, let them get what they deserve. They're low lives anyway and were of no use to us in the first place." Scourge said coldly as he flicked his tail, Savage saw his tail and nodded slightly. "Let's get her!" A smaller but still large cat hissed as Zack, the biggest cat and the other group all leaped at her at once. "Fine, but you've all spelled your own deaths." Savage meowed as she lifted a paw before all of the cats fell to the ground except for the largest cat who was still in the air. He landed squarely on her as he glanced at his fallen apprentices. "You've killed them all! I'll kill you now!" Scourge was about to leap in action to defend the cat that might be the cat BloodClan needs when he already sank his fangs in her throat, giving the death bite. "No!" Scourge yowled in anger but he was frozen with anger, he watched as blood poured from Savage. But when everything was quiet, Savage's laughter broke the silence. "W-what?" The larger tom drew back as he trembled in fear. Savage slowly rose up, blood still pooled from her throat which was clearly torn and would kill any cat, even the most toughest. "H-how are you still alive?!" He gasped in fear as he fell back. "I cannot be killed in any way." Savage snickered as her green eyes turned into slits. "I cannot die." She told him simply before striking his head and killing him. "Like I said before, you've all spelled your deaths the moment you picked a fight with me." Savage meowed a she licked blood from her blood-soaked claws

and glanced up at Scourge and Bone who watched, horrified by her odd powers. "If anyone needs me, I'll be in my den." Savage said before turning away and heading towards her den in a different alleyway. "Take them away and out of my sight." Scourge hissed to his cats below as he glared hatefully at one certain cat, Zack. He had lied to him and was now dead. *He got what he deserved,* Scourge told himself with a dark look but he never thought that his life would be ended that fast and that quick just from one blow. *That Savage is something else, she's no cat, or anything from this world....* Scourge thought to himself as he stared after Savage.

"Evacuate the camp!" Bluestar's yowl made Fireheart jerk up from his nap. His green eyes full of worry as he dashed out of the den and noticed that sparks of orange and yellow illuminated the camp of ThunderClan. "Get the elders and queens out first!" Bluestar ordered as she herself helped the elders out, along with Brackenpaw, Swiftpaw and Dustpelt. "Fireheart!" A voice made him turn. It was the queen Goldenflower. "What is it?" He asked as he dashed over to her. "I can't find Bramblekit." She winced as Tawnykit clung to her fur, clearly scared. "Go, I'll find him. I promise." Fireheart promised as Goldenflower nodded and grabbed Tawnykit's scruff and dashing out of call after the elders and other queens. "Bramblekit!" He called out for the kit but was distracted by one of the elders. Smallear stumbled and couldn't get back up, he raced over to him and nudged him up as he thanks him before padding out of camp, following Bluestar and the rest of the Clan towards the RiverClan border. "Is that everyone?" Fireheart asked Bluestar as he reached her. "Patchpelt and Halftail are missing, they're probably still in camp." The Clan leader meowed as she lifted her head to see RiverClan cats approaching. "I'll go look for them." Fireheart pelted back into the forest of flames as Bluestar asked Leopardfur and her cats to let them on their territory or on their border so they could escape from the fire. Luckily Leopardfur accepted and allowed them as Crookedstar had joined them. "Patchpelt! Halftail!" Fireheart called for the elders as he soon spotted Halftail, his dark brown fur was singed and torn as he lay beneath a heap of fallen trees. "Halftail!" He yowled as he crawled towards the elder who lay ominously still. He managed to get a hold of the elder's scruff and dragged him from the camp. He dragged the elder to the edge of camp and dove back into the

flames in search of Patchpelt but instead of finding him alone, he found him outside of the medicine cat's den which Yellowfang was dying in. He approached the old she-cat he had friended. "Fireheart." The medicine cat spoke softly as she turned her broad, flattened face towards him, her amber eyes dull. "Thank you for bringing me to ThunderClan. Tell Bluestar I have always been grateful for the home she gave me. This is a good place to die. I only regret that I will miss watching you become what StarClan has destined you to be." Yellowfang spoke softly to Fireheart as she took in her last breaths. "I wished you'd been my son, but I could not have borne a cat like you. StarClan gave me Brokentail to teach me a lesson." Yellowfang admitted as Fireheart listened in completely silence, only his tears spoke to her. "Farewell, young Fireheart." With that, she let out a small sigh as she closed her amber eyes and let her spirit fade from her body which was burnt and scarred. "Y-Yellowfang?" Fireheart choked on emotion as fire and trees cracked around him, he buried his muzzle into the old gray she-cat's fur for the last time before speaking to her. "I will always love you as a mother Yellowfang." Fireheart said with a sniff as tears fell onto Yellowfang's flattened face as he stepped away from her and grabbed Patchpelt's scruff and soon returned back to Halftail's body and dragging them both back towards the sheltering Clan. Whitestorm helped him with Patchpelt's body as Sandstorm came and took Halftail's body as he returned back to camp to look for Bramblekit. The second he reentered the burning camp, a wave of intense heat hit him as he flinched back but dived into the flames once more and searched for the kit. He could not find the kit until a squeal of terror sliced through the air. *Bramblekit!* He pricked his ears and pinpointed where the mews of distress were coming from, he eventually found the kit hanging from a branch that was about to burst into flames at any moment now. He leaped up onto the burning log and struggled to steady himself as the tree snapped every pawstep he took, threatening to break and fall into the flames below at any moment but luckily Fireheart grabbed Bramblekit and leaped off quick enough for him to dodge the wave of smoke and dust from the fallen tree. The kit squirmed and squealed as he looked back at the medicine cat's den, wishing he could save Yellowfang too but knew that it would be a suicide mission and next to impossible with Bramblekit as well. He took off back towards Sunningrocks as the flames soon started to chase him

through the forest. He managed to outrun it but it only made Bramblekit squirm more in his jaws and loosening his grip on the kit but soon they arrived at the foot of Sunningrocks and heard the chatter of his Clanmates. He could smell nothing except for smoke and burning plants until he leaped up onto one of the rocks and stood above his Clanmates who were on the opposite side of the bank, on RiverClan's bank. He dashed over and plunged into the water, he did not know how to swim and feared for his and Bramblekit's life as his head went under a few times but Leopardfur eventually helped him and so did Blackclaw. "We mourn for the lose of Patchpelt, Halftail and Yellowfang. We will bury them in ThunderClan territory and share tongues with them for the last time tonight." Bluestar announced as she turned to Fireheart who hung his head low and looked down in sadness, his green eyes dull with sorrow and a flicker of guilt. *I'm sorry Yellowfang. I'm so sorry I couldn't save you, Yellowfang....* Fireheart let emotion clot his mind as ThunderClan returned back to their territory.

Chapter 6

"Yellowfang has finally joined our ancestors. We hope that she will rest in peace with them and guide us from then on." Bluestar's voice rang across the half burnt and half destroyed camp. The fire had consumed everything in its path but didn't reach the medicine cat's den as if is the farthest away from where the fire camp in, the rain must've made the fire die down before it could reach the den full of valuable supplies. "We will sit vigil for her tonight and bury her at dawn." Bluestar nodded to One-eye, Dappletail and Smallear who were the last remaining elders of ThunderClan. "We will also honor Patchpelt and Halftail who also suffered in the flames that engulfed our forest. May all their paths be lightened with StarClan's power." The blue-gray she-cat ended as she leaped down and joined the cats who had already gathered. Fireheart was among them. He dipped his head to Yellowfang. "I'm so sorry Yellowfang. I hope you can forgive me for my foolish actions." He whispered softly, as he shared tongues with Patchpelt and Halftail for the last time, after he had finished with them, a soft whisper came to his ear. "You did not cause this, it was my time to join them and you could not have stopped it in any way. I will always be with you Fireheart..." The voice whispered ever so quietly as he distinguished Yellowfang's raspy, pale voice and her scent faintly came to his nose. As he lifted his head, he saw three faint outlines of three cats, one was a black-and-white tom which was much smaller than the other two, then a dark brown tabby tom with half of his tail missing which was three times bigger than the smaller black-and-white cat and larger than the last. The last cat was a dark gray she-cat with a broad, flattened face. He knew that they were Patchpelt, being the small black-and-white tom, Halftail, being the big dark brown tabby tom with half of his tail missing, and Yellowfang, being the the old dark gray she-cat with a broad, flattened face. As soon as he blinked, they disappeared along with their presence. Fireheart thought about the times with Yellowfang, his ears dropped as his eyes darkened with

sorrow and pain, his tail dropped. Dawn had finally come and One-eye, Smallear and Dappletail were just about to bury their dead Clanmates. Fireheart stared after them as they each left the clearing with one cat, he then felt a tail brush against his shoulder, he looked over and saw Whitestorm. "I know Yellowfang was close to you but it was her time to join StarClan." The white tom said to Fireheart as he glanced up at him then dropped his gaze once more to his paws. "Yellowfang will always watch over you but you must be strong, that's what she would want for you." Whitestorm meowed softly as he pulled away from him and flicked his ears as he padded towards Bluestar's den. Fireheart let out a sigh. *Whitestorm's right, I should be strong and serve my Clan. She would want that for me and ThunderClan.* Fireheart told himself as he lifted his ears and his head as he still stared at the camp entrance as the elders came back in. Another feeling came upon his shoulder as he turned and saw Darkclaw. The dark gray tom with black stripes felt sympathy for the ginger warrior. "Come on, Fireheart. Bluestar wants us to go on a border patrol to ShadowClan." The warrior meowed as the flame-colored tom nodded and led Darkclaw, Stonefire and Longtail towards the camp entrance where he led the patrol out of camp. Fireheart, being deputy felt bitter and utterly useless, Bluestar was becoming crazier every day, and he's supposed to be filling in for her and guiding his Clan. And yet, he feels like he can't do anything anymore. Longtail rested his tail on his shoulder as the deputy glanced over to him. "Look, I know that you can't trust me since I was close to Tigerclaw, but you and I know that you have to be strong. Without you, the Clan would fall apart since Bluestar refuses to come out of her den." Longtail meowed wisely. A few days ago, after Tigerclaw's exile and Fireheart's deputyship, Longtail had approached him and spoke to him about the Clan but Fireheart lashed out at him and accused him of not being trustworthy because he was a subordinate of Tigerclaw's along with Darkstripe. After that day, they hadn't crossed paths and Longtail didn't dare give Fireheart any attitude or hostility. But today was a day of grief, Yellowfang, Halftail and Patchpelt were dead, Bluestar was suffering from Tigerclaw's treachery and inhalation from the smoke on the day the three cats died and when the fire broke out, and Fireheart was in deep depression for the second mother he had lost. "Thanks, Longtail." He spoke gently towards the tabby warrior as a smile of relief grew on his face. "Sorry for being a mouse-brain

to you the other day." Fireheart apologized as Longtail's torn ear twitched, that ear was still there when Fireheart had joined but when the two had fought, Fireheart tore off his ear tip and won the battle, earning him the ability to join ThunderClan as his collar was torn off in that fight as well. "It's alright, I shouldn't have listened to Tigerclaw anyway." The tom said as he lowered his gaze and flattened his ears as if he was about to snarl, his claws dug into the ground. "I never thought Tigerclaw would betray ThunderClan. For so many moons I've looked up to him, and now he's in exile for killing Redtail and trying to kill Bluestar. I'm ashamed of myself." Longtail admitted as his blue eyes darkened with guilt. "It's all in the past now, we can't change what's already happen." Fireheart meowed as his ears twitched and his tail swished across the grass. Longtail cast a thankful look at the deputy as he smiled back and turned back to lead them towards the ShadowClan border. Only to be interrupted when Stonefire shoved him and Darkclaw nudged Longtail. "You guys are really warm-hearted and not so fierce after all!" Stonefire joked as her tail stuck up, a signal that she was in a friendly, good mood. Fireheart smiled as he shook his pelt and led them towards the border where the roar of the Thunderpath grew louder.

Savage stretched her legs as a yawn escaped her mouth, her green eyes glowed like emeralds. "Savage, wake up! Scourge is going to announce something." Brick's voice made her lash her tail as her claws cut the box she was sleeping in, they were outstretched and had stains on them. It had been a few moons since she had killed Zack and the other alleyway cats, and although not to her knowledge, about eight moons after Longtail and Fireheart made up. Savage rose to her paws and padded out of her box as she followed Brick to where Scourge would call meetings, as she followed the ginger tom, she noticed a few glares at her, but to her liking, a few cats rushed out and immediately bowed their heads to her. A smirk grew on her face as Brick turned his head slightly back. "I guess they already see you as leader." He meowed as her claws scraped against the stone, making a metal against metal-like sound as she put each paw down and lifted it back up. "Do you know what Scourge will be announcing?" Savage asked Brick as she turned her gaze back forward. "I don't know, he just summoned me and told me to get you." The BloodClan cat said as more cats started

to follow them. A few of the bigger, more muscular looking cats were glaring at her with dark eyes that didn't waver, until she glared back at them when she got irritated of their burning looks. "Scourge, they're here." Bone's voice made Savage jerk her head back forward as they arrived in the alleyway where a black cat stepped out from his dark domain. The dawn's light hit her pelt and sent her ablaze as her flame-colored pelt reacted to the sun light, Scourge glanced down at her before addressing his Clan with Bone just below him. "BloodClan! As some of you know, a cat has asked us to help him with his quest to defeat the forest cats. He has promised us half of his territory once we have won. The battle will happen in a few more days, but for now, prepare yourselves. For these cats are still strong." The black tom yowled for all of his cats to hear as Savage was excited about Scourge's decision to join up with this mysterious cat. "But first, I want to see what these cats are like *before* the battle." Scourge continued as a few cats pricked their ears in interest and excitement as they were hoped to be chosen. "I will send a cat to see what these forest cats are like." Scourge's sentence there made cats start to get excited as some of them shouted out like little kits. "Pick me! No, choose me! I'm way better so pick me!" Cats yowled as Bone growled, Scourge began for a snarl. "Savage. I want you to go and scout out these cats. Find out what they are doing and find out their weaknesses." Scourge turned to the she-kit as cats turned their heads to her, some growing into a hiss. "She is no BloodClan cat! She is just a little kit who thinks she can be tough and cool." A growl sounded as Savage rolled her green eyes, her tail lashed from side to side as a sign of irritation. Outbreaks of complaints started as Bone rose to his paws, his ears flattened but sat back down when Scourge flicked his tail. "Enough! This is my choice, and Savage will leave as soon as she can. No cat will try and stop her or object this. If I get any complaints or hear any, I will have Savage consult with you personally." Scourge hissed as a smirk grew on his face, his icy blue eyes shined from the dawn's pale light. "I will go now, there's nothing to do anyway." Savage spoke as she turned away and headed towards the forest where she had originally came from after fleeing her Twolegs, Nutmeg, Princess and Duke. Scourge nodded as he lifted his tail in a sign for dismissal. The cats started retreated back as Savage's silhouette could be seen just on the edge of BloodClan's territory. Savage didn't look back as she headed towards the place where she

was almost killed.

Savage recognized the land she crossed as they smelled very strong. *ShadowClan cats.* Savage said as she trekked through the marshy land. Her paws ocasionally sunk into the muddy earth beneath but other than that, she was making good timing as sunhigh was approaching when she heard a patrol approaching, a ShadowClan patrol. She sprang up a tree that was on the opposite side of ShadowClan's border, on ThunderClan's side of the Thunderpath. She noticed that one of the cats was a large white tom with huge jet black paws. She recognized this cat as to when she fled from ThunderClan and ran through ShadowClan territory. She listened closely as her ears aimed forward. She could just make out their talking. "We will have to watch ourselves, he said that he was going to release the dogs on Fireheart and those mouse-hearts this afternoon." A huge tabby tom said as a ginger tom followed him, she guessed he was the huge tabby tom's apprentice. "Yeah, so we'll have to skip the afternoon patrol. Rowanpaw, can you scent anything?" A small brown tom asked the dark ginger apprentice as he lifted his green gaze to him. "Hold on..." Rowanpaw trailed off as he opened his mouth and turned to his mentor. "I smell a rogue, Jaggedtooth." The dark ginger tom spoke as the huge tabby glanced over to the white tom with jet black paws. "It's very fresh Blackfoot. I'd say the rogue must've passed just now." Jaggedtooth meowed as Blackfoot turned to the small brown tom. "Oakfur, go and tell Tigerstar about this." Blackfoot ordered the warrior as he growled lowly before dashing off towards the direction of where they came. "Those ThunderClan mouse-hearts will never survive the dog pack. I also heard that Tigerstar got an allegiance with I think it was called, BloodClan leader." Rowanpaw said as Jaggedtooth twitched his tail. "Yes. His name is Scourge." A silver tabby tom approached them as his blue eyes reflected the sky. "Boulder, did Tigerstar send you?" Blackfoot asked as his ears twitched. Savage flattened her ears at the name of the cat, she knew that it must be Tigerclaw when he was with ThunderClan. But she had also heard about the cat named Boulder who had left life in BloodClan to join the ShadowClan cats, along with another cat called Red, now Russetfur as she knows from what Spottedleaf had told her long ago. "No, but I just came anyway." Boulder meowed as he glanced up at the tree Savage was hiding in, she didn't flinch but returned the look with hatred as he

looked back down and told Blackfoot and the others it was just a crow when they saw his hostile gaze. Once they had left, Savage climbed back down and headed towards the moors where she heard that WindClan had finally returned to the territories of the Clans. She had found nothing important beside the fact that Tallstar was their leader and Deadfoot was his deputy. She headed towards the falls where she would examine RiverClan. She too found nothing useful except for Graystripe being in their camp with his two kits that lost their mother the moment they were born, Featherkit and Stormkit. Savage finally went on towards ThunderClan territory, as she travelled through the undergrowth, memories of the past started flowing in her mind, flashes of her past filled her mind as she carried on. She finally reached the Sandy Hollow where the apprentices would train. She began to raise her stealth and quietness as she approached their camp. She made sure to keep her distance from the warriors den and the leader's den. She watched from outside the camp walls and near the medicine cat's den where rarely any cats come to. Savage saw many familiar faces, including Mousefur, Longtail, Whitestorm, Lionheart and Bluestar, she could also just make out Willowpelt's very pale gray fur in the nursery. She didn't see Spottedleaf anywhere but instead me she saw a dark gray she-cat with dark blue eyes, she didn't seem any different from any other warrior but after taking a closer look, she noticed that the cat was limping. She searched for the source and found out that one of her hind legs were crippled. Savage felt a little bad for her as she carried a few herbs around. *She must be their new medicine cat, judging since Spottedleaf is nowhere to be found...* Savage said to herself as sadness clouded her mind. She had really liked the tortoiseshell, she was kind, polite and patient with cats like her. Savage took her mind off of it and concentrated as she searched for her brother's flame-colored, ginger pelt. She found no sign of him except for a long-haired white tom who smelled like her brother. *He must be Princess's kit.* Savage thought as she remembered hearing that her older sister had kits. Savage noticed the sleek gray-and-black tabby tom and a dark brown tabby tom she recognized from their looks and smell. *Darkstripe and Dustpaw.* She told herself the names she knew about them. She shifted her green eyes towards the elders den as she saw three elders, One-eyes, Smallear and Dappletail. Curiosity poked at her as she wondered where Halftail and Patchpelt were., but she shook her head and twitched her

whiskers. Suddenly, there was movement in the corner of her eye and she whipped around, she saw that the entrance of the camp was rustling as a gray furred she-cat dragged in a huge hawk, her dark green eyes glittered like the forest in the shade while she noticed that there were huge orange, dark gray and light gray spots on her muzzle, her back and her tail. She didn't know this cat or the cat that came in next, a dark gray tom with black stripes and kind gray eyes. She assumed they were sighted newly made warriors or she didn't see them the last time she had been here. He carried a few mice while another cat followed, it was the pale tabby tom with dark black stripes and pale blue eyes, Longtail. She had never really liked him, he clung to Tigerclaw too much, not as much as Darkstripe, she cast a dark look at the warrior, but he was still just as annoying. But what she didn't know is that Longtail had chosen loyalty to his Clan than to the cat he had looked up to for so long. She doubt Darkstripe will become loyal to his Clan now but she didn't care for that pathetic little idiot. One more cat stepped into camp, and to her surprise, his flame-colored pelt grew ablaze as she pricked her ears. Fireheart.

Fireheart stepped back into camp, he carried a plump vole and was pleased that ShadowClan hadn't been on their territory and that they were able to hunt before returning. He was surprised by Stonefire's jumping abilities as he had never seen a cat from ThunderClan jump so high to catch a predator that would even prey on cats. He was also pleased that he and Longtail had made up, after their quarrel the last time. *But I still can't trust Darkstripe, he's one to keep an eye on.* Fireheart reminded himself as he cast a look at the dark warrior who saw this and let out a pitiful snort of disgust. Fireheart let out a small growl before turning to Ashpaw and Fernpaw who ran up to him. "Fireheart! Fireheart!" They mewed urgently as they bounced. "What is it you two?" Fireheart asked them as his tail swished over his paws, his ear twitching in the wind. "There's a weird scent coming from the medicine cat's den!" Ashpaw meowed as his tail thrashed wildly and exitedly, his blue eyes glittering. "I tried telling Cinderpelt but she said she's busy with Bluestar." Fernpaw pouted as her paws stomped onto the earth, she was clearly displeased. "Alright, I'll go check it out, but you two have to stay with Whitestorm alright, I'm sure he'll love to tell a story to you two, along with the others." Fireheart meowed as

he pointed his tail tip to the white warrior who was telling Swiftpaw, Brightpaw, Cloudpaw, his own apprentice, and Thornpaw a story. The two pale gray apprentices charged over and joined them, Fireheart watched them go as he turned towards the medicine cat's den and padded over. Once he entered, he could tell it was different, the air felt thicker and the way the darkness consumed around him made his pelt flare up as he followed where the scent came from. He eventually ended up going out of the camp as the scent trail grew stronger until he could no longer bare it. He closed his eyes to block out the pungent smell but the second he opened his eyes, a ginger kit was sitting in the clearing in front of him. "Hey there kit, what are you doing—" Fireheart stopped in the middle of his sentence as something snapped in his mind, the cat's eyes were closed and bowing its head. *I feel like I've seen this cat before!* Fireheart said to himself as he thought hard. *Could it be one of the other Clan's kit? Or a loner's?* The ThunderClan deputy was confused in his head but it all disappeared when he saw the kit open its eyes, the forest's color of green reflected in them as he noticed a huge scar across its right eye and face. He was paralyzed as his jaws dropped. "S-Small?!" Fireheart gasped at last as Savage gazed at him, she noticed that he had changed too, his pelt held a few scars, a torn ear and a scar on his flank. She was surprised a little by how he was able to recognize her that fast. "I thought I'd lost you!" He rasped as he ran to her, only to skid to a halt the moment the sun shined its light on her. The dark red collar studded with teeth and claws, one of which was oddly pure black, her pelt also scarred and her claws reinforced with sharpened badger teeth. His green eyes widened with fear as he stared at the sister he once knew. "I'm not 'Small' anymore. That was a pitiful name given to me by those worthless Twolegs and poor old, foolish Nutmeg." Savage growled as she lifted her paw to her face and extended her claws, letting them glisten in the light as old blood stained them. "But Small!—" Fireheart said but Savage snarled. "I am no longer Small!" Her pelt bristled as her unusually long fangs bared. "What are you talking about?" He meowed as his tail twitched, Savage's whiskers twitched irritably. "You still don't get it don't you?" She chuckled as a smile grew on her face, an evil smile. "I am Savage." The wind buffeted Fireheart's fur, ruffling his pelt as his eyes widened more, see that he recognized the pure black claw on his collar, from his enemy Tigerstar. He took a step back as fear struck his heart,

Savage glared down at him as he lowered himself to the earth.

Chapter 7

"Savage?!" Fireheart repeated her name as his tail bristled up, his back arched. "When you left with the forest cats that day, I was utterly hurt." Savage explained as she gazed as her claws. "You left me and left me to be hurt and bullied by Duke and Princess. I never thought the brother I trusted the most would just leave without taking me with you to get out of that hole." The she-cat snarled as she stepped forward, Fireheart was paralyzed with fear and sadness of his decision long ago that turned his sister into this. Savage's green eyes struck Fireheart's as they locked gazes, one with fear and terror while the other full of darkness and revenge. "You'll be sorry you ever left me!" Savage hissed as her paw shot out and raked against Fireheart's face, he flew back and staggered. Fireheart's left cheek was bleeding heavily as Savage glared at him, her claws glinting in the dusk light as nightfall approached. "What in the name of StarClan!" Fireheart hissed as he gritted from the pain that shot through his body, scarlet droplets fell from his wound as the grass now was stained with his blood. "I already told you, I'm not the same cat you once loved." Savage growled as she was just about to pounce when a white cat struck her and sent her across the clearing. Fireheart lifted his head in surprise as he saw his Clanmates, Darkstripe, Brindleface, Mousefur and Whitestorm. "Mousefur, get Fireheart to Cinderpelt immediately." Whitestorm commanded as the dusky brown she-cat modded before hauling the ginger warrior, only to be stopped when Fireheart hissed. "I'm going to stay, I'm not letting my sister injure any of my Clanmates." The warrior spat as he moved off of Mousefur, she rolled her eyes before turning to the collared cat. "Another *kittypet*." Darkstripe hissed as he unsheathed his claws, his amber-yellow eyes glowed as the sun finally set. Whitestorm's pelt shown easily while Brindleface and Darkstripe's pelts were almost hidden as the moon began to rise

slowly, Mousefur guarded Fireheart as his green eyes lit up with betrayal. "Your *sister*?!" Brindleface gasped as her dark gray tabby pelt puffed up. "Doesn't look like her the last time we saw her." Whitestorm meowed calmly as memories of the bright kitten flashed through Fireheart's mind. He remembered her bright smile that had never wavered, but now, after Tigerclaw attacking her, she was no longer what she was before. She was no kitten, kittypet or his sister. She was a source of dark hatred. "I'm not kittypet, Darkstripe." Savage growled as she simply raised her paw and licked the blood off, her eyes closed and it made her look vulnerable as Darkstripe growled in anger and pounced. He was a skilled warrior, Savage knew that, he would guard his underbelly at all cost so she decided to go for another way of attacking. The second before the dark gray-and-black tabby tom hit her, she sprang into the air and grabbed hold of his tail. Her small body should never be underestimated as she, while still in midair, swung herself and Darkstripe backwards. Darkstripe's paws flailed uselessly as his yellow eyes filled with terror, he didn't know what was happening. Savage used her power to flip him and slammed him against the ground onto his underbelly, he spat out blood as she landed on his back, digging her claws into him like prey. Fireheart had watched in horror as he had seen his little sister do something even he's not capable of, his green eyes widened with fear for his Clanmates lives as they would attack if Savage were to kill Darkstripe. Mousefur puffed up her fur, making her look twice as big but Savage only burst into laughing. "Look at yourself Mousefur! You're pitiful, I'm smaller than you and I don't even have to make myself look bigger to intimidate my opponents!" She laughed evily as she still stood uptop Darkstripe's back. While she was laughing, Darkstripe growled and flipped himself over, he sprang to his paws and pinned Savage to the ground, his claws sinking into her flesh as his claws dug into the top of her head. She didn't react and simply smiled, putting her paws forward and getting into a comfortable position. "I don't need to even defend myself from you puny forest dwelling-ants. You're all weak and lack the strength to even protect anything you love." Savage gave her brother a glare of pure hatred. It had been like that too, Fireheart had never been able to help her when he had left. If he hadn't left then she'd be in a better place than now, she had been scarred mentally, emotionally and physically by this and the result was the cat she was now. Suddenly, a blue-gray

she-cat, a dark brown tabby tom, a pale tabby tom with dark black stripes and a pale ginger she-cat appeared. Their pelts bristling as Savage recognized each one of them. Bluestar, Dustpelt, Longtail and Sandstorm. "Who is this trespasser?" Bluestar demanded as she glanced at her deputy who only looked down, not turning to meet her gaze. "We found this kittypet attacking Fireheart. Fireheart says that she's his *sister*." Darkstripe growled as he fastened his claws deeper into Savage's head, she didn't look fatigued or even worried. Bluestar's eyes sharpened with anger. "Leave this place now, kittypet." Bluestar hissed as Fireheart was too hurt to even react to what was happening. "Shut your mouth *idiot*." Savage snarled at the leader as Sandstorm gasped along with Brindleface and Mousefur. No cat ever dared say that to a leader, especially from a cat who wasn't even part of the Clans. "Who are you calling *idiot*?" She hissed as her claws unsheathed, her anger level was rising as Whitestorm looked worried. "Who else? The idiot who can't even lead her Clan in which they need her the most. I'd bet little Cloudpaw'd make a better leader than you." Savage sneered as she knew that Bluestar was a short-tempered cat, especially after Tigerclaw's betrayal, she became more hostile. The ThunderClan leader's whiskers and eyes twitched furiously, she struggled to keep her anger levels low as she glared down at her. "All four of these pathetic Clans can die for all I care. None of them should—can live." She corrected herself as she glared menacingly at the blue-gray she-cat. But as Bluestar was about to speak, her gaze softened with sorrow and sympathy for her as Savage spoke. Her green gaze low and her head low in grief. "If you'd been there when Duke gave me these scars." She said softly as Fireheart took a closer look and noticed that there were scars all over his little sister. One of the most horrific ones was the huge gash on the side of her neck, so much of the skin and flesh was torn that it looked like a dog had attacked her instead of a cat. "None of this would've happened if you had stayed behind or brought me with. I loved you, and trusted you..." Savage meowed as Fireheart's heart ached. "This is all your fault! Look at what leaving your littlest sister behind with her fox-hearted brother and sister did! You are so clouded with being a warrior of a pathetic Clan of ants that you didn't even know it was me until I had told you!" Savage yowled as she pulled her head back, Darkstripe's paw flew forward and towards the ground as he was holding her head. She flew back and slashed Darkstripe's flank

as blood gushed from his wound. Longtail held back his attack, knowing if he'd attack Fireheart's sister, their forgiveness for each other would've been for nothing. But Mousefur instinctively flung herself in and leaped for Savage while she stood beside Darkstripe, she sidestepped and bashed Mousefur then raked her with her claws. She the faced the other cats as Mousefur and Darkstripe lay injured, unable to move. "We have no choice." Bluestar murmured to herself as she flicked her ear. Her warriors then pelted at Savage, all of them with claws unsheathed as they now saw her as a big threat to ThunderClan. Fireheart watched in horror as he had expected Savage to be taken down easily especially against more than three skilled warriors. But instead, Savage was much more clever and quicker than she was before. Dustpelt leaped at her first, she leaped upwards, Longtail sprang for her but she flipped backwards and kicked his chin upwards with her hind paw. She landed and Sandstorm darted at her, she simply slipped beneath her, kicking her upwards with her hind legs and leaped up and slammed her to the ground. Whitestorm pounced at her but she instead charged straight at him and confused him with her tail as she made it look like she was about to turn right, he went right and she went left. She sliced his muzzle as she then clawed his flank, behind her, Dustpelt leaped at her once more but she whipped around and smacked her claws across his face while he was sent reeling. They were all defeated as only Fireheart and Bluestar stood. Bluestar had no choice and charged in while Fireheart did the same, following his leader. Bluestar started running around Savage as a distraction as Fireheart leaped up into the air and headed straight down at her. But Savage predicted Bluestar's movements and managed to snag her shoulder with her claws and slammed her down. She then slipped away from Fireheart's attack as she then reached out and dug her claws into his left flank. Blood spattered across the grass as Fireheart recoiled back and huffed. Savage lifted her head as scarlet colored drips and splatters stained her paws and her reinforced claws. "Had enough yet?" She sneered to her brother as he panted and glanced at her with sadness in his green eyes. "Have you had enough for you to know that you made a terrible mistake back then? I would be by your side like a your friend Graystripe would be but I wouldn't leave my Clan for a pathetic cat who was part fish." Savage hissed as Fireheart growled. "Graystripe followed his heart! He loved Silverstream with all of his heart and

even though it broke the warrior code, he didn't regret any bit of the time he spent with her." The flame-colored tom snarled as he defended his friend. A smirk grew on her face, an evil smirk. "Oh, so you'd rather defend your friend than your own sister, hmm?" Savage mocked as her tail twitched. Fireheart's head twitched as he jerked his head back in hurt by her words. *She's right.* Fireheart said in his mind. *I protected Graystripe from being pointed out by his actions but I didn't and couldn't protect my younger sister. If only I was smarter back then!* Fireheart scolded himself as he grit his teeth. Savage only gave a cold chuckle as she turned her back on him. "You're a waste of my time, I need to get back to Scourge before dark." She meowed as Fireheart pricked his ears at the name that came from her. Savage padded off as she left the clearing which was stained with splatters of scarlet and eight injured cats lay down including Fireheart. He stared after her in horror as he never felt so hollow and yet so filled with emotion. Tears fell from his green eyes as the sun's light hit his pelt and lit it up, the tears glittered as they trickled down his face and dripped onto the damp earth where his own blood lay. *This is all my fault. If I hadn't been so naive then, maybe, she would be a warrior of ThunderClan too....* Fireheart said once more as he let out a yowl of pain, not from his wounds but from his heart and soul where a huge scar lay across it that would never disappear.

Savage heard his yowl and only smirked once more as she headed back towards the alleyways and soon crossed the ShadowClan border. Nothing lay in her heart as no emotion flickered and no pain coursed through as her pelt also burst into flames, the red collar around her neck glowed a crimson color as her claws and the studded teeth and claws glinted from the rays. Especially one specific jet black claw which was as long as an eagle talon. *Nothing will stop me from becoming BloodClan leader. Nothing will stop me from killing my brothers. Nothing will stop my darkness, my hatred, my bloodshed...*

Second book coming soon....